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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, MAY 25, 1899. NUMBER 13.

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No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government — that is despotism. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us; our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands, everywhere. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899. NUMBER 13.

That was a wise but dangerous move taken by the Presbyterians at the Minneapolis assembly. Steps were taken to have Dr. McGiffert's book studied before action be taken concerning the author. A careful reading of the book may endanger the soundness of the committee.

Countess Aberdeen is doing a gracious thing in erecting a memorial to Henry Drummond, and no more fitting memorial could be designed for this drawer of "living water" than a drinking fountain near his own church, and the Free Church College, where he worked with such effect in the city of Glasgow.

Hindu astrologers are looking for some sort of a crisis in human affairs on the second day of December next, on account of certain astronomical conjunctures. They think that it may indicate that the "dispensation of the Spirit is being ushered in." Why wait until the second of December? Probably the action of the congress at The Hague will have more vital relations to this dispensation than the conjunction of the planets in the sign Sagittarius.

The "Congregationalist," confessing that the figures indicate a decline of denominational strength, calls upon every Congregationalist "to consider anew his own personal responsibility for our own branch of the Church of Christ." Perhaps if they paid less attention to their "own branch" and more to the Church of Christ, or, better yet, to the Church of Humanity, the alarming indications would be more surely removed. Probably any decline of organized Christianity is accounted for by the over attention of the communicants to their own interests. The Protestant sects are in danger of dying from too much self-consciousness. The life that needs so much cossetting, such a self-centered life, perhaps, is hardly worth the saving.

A Belfast paper gives an exciting story of a man temporarily entombed at the bottom of a deep well that had closed in on him. The workmen were inspired in their eight hours' rescue work by hearing the man singing "Rock of Ages" and receiving from him the message, "Tell my wife that I am trusting in Jesus." But before this message came, when he found himself temporarily safe in an unfilled niche, he cried up, "Go and get help and work like Englishmen," and he further directed the introduction of an air pipe and a tube for brandy into his inclosure. One part of this story greatly adds to the significance of the other part. It is well to trust in Jesus while you are working with British grit, and he who works "like an Englishman" may well sing of the "Rock of Ages."

At the sixtieth annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, recently held in London, there were sharp resolutions passed condemning the slavery that is still fostered at Zanzibar and Pemba in Africa under a British protectorate. It condemns in unqualified terms the slow movement of the government in this direction and the officials that in Mombasa, June last, ordered a native Christian girl, with her father and mother, back to their former masters. It talks about the "hesitating policy of the past few years" and demands that the "statues of slavery be abolished in all British protectorates in eastern and central Africa." Does not this seem like "embarrassing the government," "disloyalty to the administration," "unjust criticism of those who are doing the best they can?" Such at least are the comments familiar in these days on the American side when the conscience of a citizen cries out against the sins of his country, and, forgetting the maxim that "kings can do no wrong," earnestly seeks to correct what, on the part of the protestants, seems not only grievous wrong, but to check what is more alarming, a dangerous tendency.

The Episcopalians of Chicago celebrated with impressive ceremony last Sunday the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Book of Common Prayer, which was justly characterized as "Standing for more than the splendor of Westminster Abbey or the grandeur of Canterbury Cathedral." It was significant that the same paper that announced this celebration contained a lengthy notice of a new "Book of the Mass," just prepared by Father Larrabee of the high Episcopal Church of this city. This is an attempt to enrich the prayer book by further use of the wealth of the past, for all these new prayers are from old sources. This is well, but why not some from new sources. If the prayer book is to be enriched for the reactionists, why may it not also be enriched for the progressive elements. It is a great, perhaps the greatest, achievement in literature, the preparing of a liturgy. If the English prayer book is to survive another three hundred and fifty years it must yield to the time spirit and solicit that revision that will bring it down to date and be an honest expression of the larger thought and the expanding spirit. What hand is bold enough and at the same time wise enough to revise the prayer book without destroying it?

Charles Frances Adams, a pronounced anti-imperialist, has written a letter deploring the public protest meetings and the current criticism of the government. He says: "The mischief is done; the mistake is irretrievable." The rôle of the protestant is always a painful and an ungracious one. It always sounds like negation and carries with it an air of destruction, and still the protestants have been the salt of history and the right hand of progress. They have compelled the sober second thought and have secured in due time the reconsideration which justice demands.

We agree with Mr. Adams that there is no use in railing over mistakes made. The ship of state found itself sailing up the wrong channel unwittingly, but now that it is in the wrong channel and still making headway in the wrong way, is there anything gained by postponing the protest and waiting until it gets still farther up the bayou? Is there for nations any more than for individuals any way out of a mistake except by repentance, retraction and conversion? The protest to be made at the present time is not against the mistakes and violence of last year, last month or last week, but against the mistakes that are being perpetrated now, the violence that is to be done to-morrow, the slaughter that is imminent next week. We agree with Mr. Adams, if we understand him, that the battle is to be found not in the island of Luzon but on the floors of Congress. Over and over again the Filipinos have sued for mercy, for consultation, at least for a cessation of hostilities, and still the military arm of the government, swayed without the consent of Congress, has sent back an imperative "no." An "unconditional surrender," which in the last extremity means annihilation of a home army trying to protect what they deem home rights. This is the grim alternative presented by a republican form of government to an alien and a foreign people. It is for those who love the government, who sympathize with President McKinley, who realize the gravity of the situation, to lift up their voice in warning, to make earnest protest against the perpetuation of what a host concede to have been a mistake. For deliberation, consultation and legislation we will continually pray of our government. Because we love the flag we ask that its folds be saved from further bloodshed. However negative it may sound, the anti-imperialists offer a positive program, i. e., a cessation of hostilities, awaiting the assembling of Congress, which should be hastened, and then let Congress hasten to undo the wrong already done, and provide, so far as the United States is concerned, for the absolute autonomy of the Philippine Islands, the withdrawing of American troops, except in so far as their presence may be necessary to protect the legitimate interests of trade and the rights of American citizens. Let our government, like the individual, acknowledge mistakes and profit thereby.

A Western Athens.

After years of correspondence the shifting fortunes of the lecturer at last brought the senior editor of this paper to the town of New Harmony, situated in the veritable "pocket" of Indiana, which again represents the famous "Posey County." Every reader knows something of the New Lanark experiment in Scotland and the transference of the same ideals in 1824 to the rich though wild and malarial bottoms along the Wabash in the very southwestern corner of Indiana, but there is no way of realizing history like visiting the grounds whereon the human drama was enacted. New Harmony is a hard place for a lecturer to reach. To this lecturer it meant a broken night's journey, the last half over a corduroy railroad. But a twenty-minute ride around the town behind a proud-stepping horse and alongside of an intelligent driver impressed the lecturer that this was no ordinary western town. It is a beautiful village of fifteen hundred or so, nestling with its tree-lined streets, in the full glory of first full foliage, in the bosom of the low, encircling hills on the one hand and the bended arm of the river on the other. This pretty and prosperous terminus of a spur railroad clearly had an "atmosphere" that suggested antiquity, an intellectual aristocracy and a certain classic sense of distinction. The evident present wealth was softened and shaded by the equally evident pride of ancestry and wealth of tradition.

Fortunately, the stopping place was not a vulgar "hotel," but "The Tavern." The very name is an invitation of hospitality to a gray beard in whose memory is imbedded many a picture of roadside hospitality and backwoods cordiality and comfort that in the elder time masked behind the homely and unpretentious name of "The Tavern."

The attractiveness of the tavern was greatly enhanced when upon its faded sign we read "Number Three, 1823," and when we found that the keeper of the tavern, a bright young woman, was also the antiquarian of the village, an authority on all the traditions of the town, for did she not belong to the woman's club and had she not read a paper on "The History of New Harmony," yea, and drawn a map upon which were located all the ancient landmarks.

There is no other town west of the Alleghanies and east of the Rockies so haloed with genius and so famous for its brilliant achievements and its still more brilliant failures as New Harmony.

"The "Robert Owen Community" is act number two in the New Harmony drama, act number one, begins ten years earlier, as far back as 1814, when George Rapp, the German enthusiast, an earlier Professor Herron, a man who had a strange infatuation that led him to take Jesus at his word, and gave to him a wild purpose of beginning again the life of cooperation, love and of wealth in common, once practiced by the disciples and their master.

George Rapp was not only a religious enthusiast, but a shrewd manager, coming from lusty, hard-working peasant stock. After a successful apprenticeship of ten years in Pennsylvania, he bought these thirty-five thousand acres of land in the Wabash bottoms and moved his colony there—a colony that represented a strange combination of prayer and industry, superstition and sagacity. They preached the second coming of the Christ. Home ties were already "outgrown" or subordinated. Great brick barracks offered the unhomed devotees their dormitories. A quaint cathedral-like church was built in the form of a Greek cross. Fields were opened, vineyards planted, manufactures established, and the community so prospered that ten years later the shrewd prophet found another dreamer who was glad to enter into his labors, and Robert Owen bought out the Rappists in 1824, paying one hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars for lands, improvements and franchises, and the German peasant band was replaced by Scotch wealth and Welsh enthusiasts. The Germans returned to Pennsylvania to locate for the third time and to form the

town of Economy, where now live a few octogenerian survivors, with great vested rights. The Lord has not come, but they have accumulated great wealth, which they must leave behind them, the object of bitter litigations and judicial perplexities.

When the English colony came they brought a "boat-load of knowledge with them." As the appeal of the Rappists was to the Bible, the appeal of the Owen community was to science. The cry of the first was "What readest thou," of the second, "What seest thou." The German community came over poor and rapidly grew rich. The British community came over rich and rapidly grew poorer. At the end of three years the communistic dream of Robert Owen was an economic failure, and this closed the second act in the New Harmony drama. Robert Owen recrossed the Atlantic probably a sadder, certainly a wiser, man, but he left behind him a splendid family of four boys, each of whom was to win fame, and, what is better, to render marked service to Indiana, the West and the Union; and he also left behind him his partner, Prof. William McClure, learned and wealthy, one of the great geologists of his day, and certainly the father of geological study and survey in the West. The rich lands were divided into plats, which were acquired in severalty. Then began the third act in the New Harmony drama, which lasted for over a quarter of a century. New Harmony became the headquarters of American science. It was a rustic Athens in the woods, where geologists, botanists, astronomers and artists were wont to congregate. Some of the most valuable contributions to scientific literature were not only prepared, but elegantly published and elaborately and beautifully illustrated here. William McClure, the Scotch geologist, was the founder of the Philadelphia Academy of Science. In the center of the little town to-day is to be seen the humble monument of Thomas Say, the great entomologist, and the father of conchology. His book on this subject, delicately illustrated by the pencil and brush of his accomplished wife, is one of the books coveted by the collector to-day. On his monument is inscribed:

> "Volume of nature even from a child,
> He sought her beauties in the trackless wild,
> To him the shell, the insect and the flower
> Possessed alike an invisible power,
> In them he saw an order all divine,
> And like a pilgrim, worshipped at the shrine."

Here Wilson and Audubon, pioneer ornithologists, were wont to come to arrange their knowledge and prepare their material and their studies of birds. Here Lasseuer, the French naturalist and artist, found a congenial home, and Joseph Neff and Madame Fretagoet, pupils of Pestalozzi, anticipated Froebel the kindergarten and the new education in their determination to develop the child's mind normally. Here Frances Wright, one of the earliest advocates of freedom to woman and the black man, made her first speech. Here Robert Dale Owen fought for the progressive elements in the state constitution of Indiana, battled for the rights of woman, became a power on the floors of Congress and latterly heard the mystic "Foot Falls on the Boundary of Another World" and helped Abraham Lincoln to see his way to the Emancipation Proclamation. Here Fauntleroy lived, not only to give his name to the history of astronomical science in this country, but to the little lord of the delightful story, and to "Mine Hostess of the Tavern." Of course, in the wake of these really great men there came a motley crowd of "cranks," "fanatics" and "minor prophets," "Phrenologists," "Hydropathists," "Grahamites" and "Bloomerites" galore. The religious pendulum swung from the millennial expectations of the Rappists to the other extreme that celebrated the anniversary of Thomas Paine, and boasted that for twenty-five years the town had been saved from a saloon and from a church.

And now, what of the present New Harmony? Prosperity, commercialism, and that something that society calls "culture" have smoothed out the wrinkles and effaced many of the idiosyncrasies, but still New Harmony is to-day a favored town and is not unsuccessfully trying to live up to its traditions. The Workingman's Institute, organized by William McClure, which consists of "Twenty-five Immortals," now owns a beautiful institute building, which houses a library of ten thousand volumes, rich in local treasures, the beginning of an interesting museum, an art gallery with a collection of real pictures culled from European markets, and a beautiful hall for popular lectures and such other common life of the spirit as may need it. And, the best item yet to be mentioned, this beautiful building is endowed so as to provide about a thousand dollars a year for the addition of solid books to its shelves, another thousand for children's needs, and a third thousand for the support of an annual course of popular lectures. The building and endowment are a gift of Doctor Murphy, a product of the community day and spirit, who, beyond the eighthieth mile post, is still left to enjoy the gratitude of his fellow townsmen and witness the beneficent result of a long life of thrift and industry when wisely administered.

Of course, at this place and in this hall the lectures on the message of George Eliot and the story of the Parliament of Religions and its prophecies, were welcome and listened to by ready ears in well-filled benches.

We have counted four acts in the New Harmony drama. The fifth is as yet unwritten, but surely it will come. What is to be the harvest of all this sowing of ideas? In the walls of one of the old buildings a descendant of Robert Owen recently discovered a quaint medal carefully and beautifully wrought. When found it was blackened by age and corroded by time, but it has been restored so as to bring out on the one face a strong bas relief of Robert Owen with the name underneath. On the reverse face of the medal, deeply stamped, lies what evidently the great reformer meant to be his confession of faith, the careful statement of his philosophy of rational religion. This medal, a little larger than a silver dollar, is beautifully executed and must date from the New Lanark period and is apparently of English manufacture. Perhaps this statement engraved and stamped in the metal, written in the early enthusiasm of the reformer, is still but an unrealized prophecy and may in-

dicate some features of the unwritten act of the New Harmony drama. Here it is:

"RATIONAL RELIGION CONSISTS IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THE CHARACTER OF MAN IS FORMED FOR HIM BY THE POWER WHICH CREATES HIS ORGANIZATION AND BY THE EXTERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH EXIST AROUND HIM FROM HIS BIRTH, ESPECIALLY BY THE SOCIETY WITH WHICH HE ASSOCIATES; IN HAVING CHARITY, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THIS KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE, FOR THE CONVICTIONS, FEELINGS AND CONDUCT OF THE HUMAN RACE AND IN PROMOTING TO THE UTMOST IN OUR POWER, THE WELL-BEING AND HAPPINESS OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD, WITHOUT REGARD TO THEIR CLASS, SECT, PARTY, COUNTRY OR COLOR."

Editorial Correspondence.

From St. Louis.

At St. Louis last week—May 13th, the Tenth Annual Banquet given by the Trustees of the Missouri Botanical Garden took place. Thirty years ago Henry Shaw was one of the best known rich men of St. Louis. Shaw's Garden was already a place of public resort. Begun as the hobby of a wealthy business man, it has developed into an important scientific institution.

Desiring to found a botanical garden, but not himself a scientific man, Mr. Shaw was fortunate in the friendship of a great botanist, Dr. George Engelmann. We cannot here sketch Dr. Engelmann's important work in botany. We will only say that Mr. Shaw constantly advised with him and thus, what might have been simply a beautiful place of resort, has become also an instrument of scientific research—a lasting monument both to the merchant prince and to his botanist friend.

The Missouri Botanical Garden is the developed Shaw's Garden and is maintained by an endowment left by Henry Shaw. Dr. William Trelease, the Director, is remarkably qualified to conduct and develop the enterprise. At the garden is a large collection of plants from all parts of the world: its Arboretum is one of the finest collections of trees in America: the Bible Garden, a pet scheme of Mr. Shaw's, still maintained, contains the plants mentioned in the scriptures. In the conservatories interesting experiments of fundamental scientific importance are in progress—experiments upon the causes and extent of variation, the interrelations of flowers and insects, etc. Important practically, as well as interesting scientifically, is the constant effort to produce new varieties of useful plants and to improve old ones. The garden gives instruction to a certain number of young men who desire to become professional landscape gardeners: they are selected by examination and win free tuition and money aid. The opportunity to work along independent lines of research and experiment is offered freely by the Garden to any properly accredited worker. The Garden possesses a magnificent botanical library, a fine herbarium (including George Engelmann's collection) and the beginnings of a Museum. It publishes annual reports containing new matter of interest and value. Such is a part only of the great work done at this Institution, established by Henry Shaw's liberality.

In Mr. Shaw's will is this passage—"I hereby bequeath one thousand dollars annually for a Banquet to the Trustees of the Gardens and to the Guests they may invite, literary and scientific men, and friends and patrons of the Natural Sciences." These banquets bring together a considerable number of the leaders of thought and movement of St. Louis and a choice fellowship from outside. Nearly eighty persons gathered at this year's banquet, twenty of them from outside the city. They were professional men,—physicians, teachers, lawyers, clergymen, scientific workers,—literary men, business men. The banquetting room was beautifully decorated with palms while the tables were simply but handsomely adorned with clusters of white and deep crimson roses. After dinner speeches were made by President Dabney of the University of Tennessee, President Finley of Knox College, Bishop Gilbert of Minnesota, Rabbi Harrison of St. Louis and Prof. Coulter of Chicago. Supt. Eliot of the St. Louis Public Schools, ex-officio member of the Garden Trustees, welcomed the guests.

Another provision in Mr. Shaw's will arranges for the preaching of an annual Flower Sermon. This year the flower sermon was preached the day after the Banquet by the Rt. Rev. Mahlon Gilbert, bishop of Minnesota.

* * * * * *

On the same day with the Garden Banquet the George Engelmann Botanical Club made a free exhibit of the wild flowers of St. Louis and vicinity. This was an experiment and was pronouncedly successful. A large room was fitted up with two long tables and a third, smaller, one. The place was in the Board of Education Building, and the time was from noon until 9 p. m. Probably one hundred and fifty species of plants in bloom or of ferns in fruit were displayed upon the two larger tables. They were labeled, but club members were in attendance to answer questions and give any desired information. To gather so large a number of blooming plants at this season is no small task. Among the specimens attracting most popular attention were the shooting star, the wild indigo (yellow and purple), the yellow lady's slipper, the painted cup and the bird-foot violet. Upon the third table was a remarkably good collection of fifty-six species of fungi. In late summer or early autumn this number might easily have been increased, but for early May, it is truly good. The place of exhibition was fortunately selected as many going to and from the Public Library, which is in the same building, dropped in, who might not have gone elsewhere for the express purpose of seeing the collection. Even so the number of attendants was surprisingly and encouragingly large. More than six hundred persons had been in at about four o'clock. It is to be hoped that their success in this first exhibit may lead the Club to undertake others. Such displays cannot but increase public interest in scientific work.

FREDERICK STARR.

Graded System of Sunday-School Studies.*

One need not look far to find difficulties in the union lesson system of Sunday-school work. In the first place, it is not pedagogic. There is no psychol-

*Read at the annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 1898.

ogy which could be construed into a basis of such a system. This is acknowledged by the effort to adapt the union topics to the needs and understanding of the various classes.

(2) And herein lies the greatest difficulty: The impossibility of securing teachers who are capable of wisely adapting a union lesson to their particular classes. The attempt, in my experience, results in all classes getting pretty much the same lesson.

A third and perhaps greater difficulty is to be found in the impossibility of the superintendent, or pastor, being able to ascertain just what has been taught to the different classes and just what they know.

Others may not have found these difficulties as we have, but with us they have been borne in with such constant force that we have been driven to seek a more excellent way.

Whatever system is used, it should be adapted to the development of the child. What is called the graded system of our public schools can scarcely be termed a graded system at all. It is arranged not according to the difficulty of the subjects studied, not according to the interest and awaking faculties of the children. Reading, numbers, geography, etc., are carried through all or nearly all of the departments. The newer education is certain to make a wiser arrangement, according to the growing powers of the children. Arithmetic will wait until the child has reached the epoch in which it repeats the era of its ancestors, when the race began to count and to take an interest in numbers. Other studies will be grouped by the same principles.

This newer education is what we are aiming to realize in a modest and very partial way in our graded course of Sunday-school work. It must be said that we are doing more or less experimenting, not in the materials so much as in the use of different materials at different ages. The materials we use are largely those that have already been tried, and have not been found wanting.

Without putting too much confidence either in evolution as it bears upon the development of the child—without taking it for granted that the child passes in the course of its development through all the phases of culture and life, which the race has passed over in its development; without giving too much credence to the epoch culture theories, we still recognize that the child does pass through various phases—whether or not through all the phases of its race ancestor.

There are some things which we have learned cannot profitably be done. Hebrew history cannot be taught to a child of six, who has yet no historic consciousness—who has not gotten beyond the —"once upon a time"—of the fable. The things that we believe, if taught before the child has come to the age of speculation and personal inquiry, will be learned only as words and were therefore better never learned. The truth and the error of the Old Testament stories, from a scientific standpoint, as treated, for example, in "Beginnings," has no place in the life of a child of eight years—not one of under twelve at the youngest.

Some valuable suggestions can be found in the pamphlet entitled "The Theory of a California Child," by Prof. Earl Barnes of Stanford University, who, after making a thorough study of many hundreds of the school children of California, has published the results in this pamphlet, which I think may be had by addressing Prof. Barnes at Stanford University. Among many interesting facts Prof. Barnes declares that if the child is to have a thought of God it must be of an anthrophomorphic God—no other thought is possible to the child mind. He also proves conclusively that the speculating, critical age in the mind of a child comes at about the thirteenth year. It is then that the child turns over in its mind what he has been told, and either accepts it for himself or rejects it altogether. This would seem, then, to be the proper age at which to consider, in a reverent and serious way, the truths and limitations of Bible stories and other like materials which have accumulated in the mental storeroom of the child.

Wisdom would seem to suggest that since the child's thought of God cannot be as our thought, the only true course is to let the child come to a thought of God when its development shall have prepared it for such a thought. We therefore not only do not attempt a catechism or to teach a theology, but more, we strive not to teach abstract things, especially to the younger children.

(a) Our first grade will probably be less familiar to the average Sunday-school worker than will the other four. We call it "The Children of the Nations at Church." Appealing to the child's interests in other children, we tell how the children of the nations have gone to church. The story of Hiawatha gives us a beginning in nature worship. The children can readily understand how little Hiawatha worshiped in the fields.

Kablu, the Ayran boy, to take another example, appeals to the imagination of the child by the strangeness of the scene in which he is placed. The story tells how little Kablu lived in a cave in the side of the mountain and how there was an altar before the front door—a pile of stones with a big flat stone for the top—as of a table, and how before sunrise Kablu, his father, mother and sister, arise to go to worship. The father helps Kablu bring branches of wood, which they pile on the altar. Then the mother and sister pour over it the juice of the Soma tree, that it may burn brightly. Then the father rubs two sticks together until they ignite—for they had no matches. Then just as the big sun comes up over the eastern field the fire is burning and the father looks out over the altar fire to the sun and repeats the fervent old prayer to Agni—the God of fire. The evening prayer to the setting sun is of the same nature. Would it not seem that here we have material suited to the child-mind, and capable of arousing the reverent wonder of the childish heart?

For materials for this grade, which is our first year in the infant class (with children of about five to seven years), we put into the teacher's hand a copy of Miss Scott's "Organic Education," a valuable book resulting from the Detroit experiment in the Epoch Culture Theory. Only the closing part of each chapter is made use of in our Sunday-school work. We also possess the teacher of the Kindergarten story book, entitled "Ten Books." Then in this grade, for variety and supplementary work, instead of having the teacher hunt up some stray story, we have put into her hands a copy of Miss Menefee's "Stories from the Masters," a precious child book. It is our hope that the children will become thoroughly familiar with them. By thus systematizing the story work the teacher in the first and in the other grades will have some idea of what the children are familiar with and thus secure an advantage which every true teacher covets.

(b) In our second grade we are using Mr. Gould's

"Nature Studies." The children in this grade are from eight to nine years old. Nothing need be said in praise of the admirable material which these lessons afford.

(c) Our third grade seeks to take advantage of the ten-year-old child's hero-worship impulse. At this age the child begins to cherish the example of the strong, the great man. For this grade we use the heroes of the Old Testament, following in part Mr. Lyon's handbook, published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. Our purpose is to make the character of the Old Testament worthy to live in the imagination of the child, as well as to familiarize the child with the Old Testament story. Each teacher is also given a copy of Adler's "Moral Education of Children," and his suggestions concerning the use of the Bible stories are pretty generally followed.

It may not be out of place to say that we put into each teacher's hands—in this grade there are four classes in our school—"Moulton's Modern Readers' Bible," the books necessary for the stories used, and we urge that the children shall be helped to a sense of the literature of the Bible. It is our plan to supplement Bible characters with heroes from Greek and Roman literature; but this we have not worked out yet. In using Bible stories we often parallel the Old Testament worthy with some life whose story is told in Mr. Horton's "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," also published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. We also use what literature we can to illustrate the story; for instance, in a recent lesson on David and Saul we used what we could of Browning's "Saul," and the lesson on David and Goliath was introduced by Mathew Arnold's "Sorhab and Rustum."

(d) The fourth grade is given to the Christ-life. For this grade the children should not be over twelve years of age if possible, that is to fit in our grading. We have not used this grade this year, but will next year graduate some from grade three into it. The question of text-books has not yet been considered. The aim will be to tell a simple, connected story of the life of Jesus, including the essentials of his teachings, with emphasis on their ethical import. One thing is certain; we shall not leave out of the list of text-books the Gospels given in the "Moulton's Modern Readers' Bible." The children will in some way be familiarized with the gospels as well as with their story.

(e) The fifth grade takes for its task the critical era in the child-mind. Children of thirteen and fourteen are supposed to be in this grade. Our text is a valuable book, Mr. Gould's "Beginnings," and we hope not to lose sight even for a moment of the fact that the children need not the mere criticism of old stories, but a reverent reading of their truths into the larger understandings of modern science.

Beyond this grade the classes are left to their choice of theme, guided by wise teachers. It is our hope that the school as a whole will make more and more use of literature as a means of religious training. And that the young people's class, and the adult class—both of which are sources of just pride in our school—should give their time to seeking out the great lessons and inspiration which modern prophetic literature contains. As beginning in this line the young people's class taught by Mr. Sprague is studying Carlyle's heroes and hero-worship. The half hour each Sunday is an inspiration to the teacher, and surely seems to be all that the young people can desire. Many an earnest and profitable conversation is evoked by the wise words of Carlyle. It may be that later we shall continue our graded system farther, using literature largely as a basis of work in the older classes. Here is an inviting field, challenging a larger interest and needing wise co-operation.

LILA FROST SPRAGUE.

Good Poetry.

Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865.

I.

Weak-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light;
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire;
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
A gracious memory to buoy it up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng.

III.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness;
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

IV.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall outlive us?
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain;
Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not.—Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their enrolled presence lack;
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show.
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with fortune's fickle moon?
The little that we see
From doubt is never free;
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true;
With our laborious living
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we, poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,

After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.
Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dullness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the Day;
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years.

VIII.

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best;—
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear;
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of expectation!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Correspondence.

INFORMATION WANTED, WHO WROTE THE HYMN?

My Dear UNITY:—I have been a very close reader of the UNITY of late because I am deeply in sympathy with its principles, and in reading the last number I came across "The Psalter of the Crusade," in which the hymn, "When Wilt Thou Save the People," is attributed to Ebenezer Elliot. Now, I have had that hymn pasted in my hymn book for years, attributed to my kinsman, Elihu Burrit. I have written to several genealogists of the family, who confirm this story. I want to know if it is true that it is Ebenezer Elliot's instead of Elihu Burrit's? Can you refer me to anything that will set me right on this subject? I have consulted Professor Hinsdale, of the same family, and I am sure he said that it was Elihu Burrit's, and I have a kinsman named for him as his kinsman.

MRS. L. H. STONE.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

"Poor Brown Brown."

Poor brown brother, looking toward the West,
The questioning light of liberty dawning in thine eyes!
How have we answered this, thy mute appeal
For help to walk in freedom, that rugged path
Which most enlightened men have climbed with toil!
We have not called thee toward the heights,
Nor stretched our hand to save thy stumbling feet;
Nay, our battle smoke darkens thy quivering light;
The swords of free men beat thee rudely back;
The tramp of legions crushes out thy hope,
To thine undoing and to our eternal shame.

—LILA FROST SPRAGUE.

Grand Rapids, Mich., May 20, 1899.

"Mrs Bustler is president of nine orphan associations."

"She is?"

"Yes; and her husband mortified her dreadfully the other day."

"What did he do?"

"Sent in an application to each society for some old clothes for his children."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Pulpit.

The New Sanction of Piety.

REV. NEWTON M. MANN, OMAHA, NEB.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. —Proverbs 4:23.

Not a few people stumble at the obligation of piety. They can see reason enough in the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," but they stick at the other, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." The obligation and the way to fulfill it are alike obscure. A fellow-being has obvious claims; moreover, he is before us a tangible object to receive attention. But how about the claims of God? How is one to authenticate them? How answer them? Morality is solidly based, people will say, but piety seems vague, dreamy, unreal, built in the air. So the duties of men to one another, the humanitarianism of the gospel, one may preach always acceptably, but when one goes further and seeks to inculcate sentiments of devotion, the interest flags. This is especially the case in our Liberal churches. There is among us a pretty general disposition to sum up pure religion in terms of morality. We hear it plainly intimated that whatever is more than this comes of superstition. All stress is laid on the right conduct of life within the sphere of human relations—love the brotherhood; do to others as you would have others do to you; visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; do justly, love kindness—these and other such texts are the notes on which our preachers are expected to dwell. This aspect of religion, people say, is intelligible to them. It means something. It is practical. The world is made better by the preaching of such a gospel.

Now it must be confessed the word "piety" has been pretty much spoiled by the use that has been made of it. In the common acceptance its obligations have no connection with any human service. It is centered on rendering homage to the Deity, and concerns itself only with what contributes to that end. It presupposes the acceptance of certain beliefs, the evidence of which is confessedly weak; involves a routine of observances usually destitute of any natural sanction and often irksome. Indeed, it is not at all a state of nature, but, to use its own phrase, a "state of grace." Hence it has its own peculiar rules of evidence, by which the pietist arrives at conclusions the most extraordinary. Things impossible in the judgment of other men are possible with him. What is transparent absurdity and nonsense to the scientific world, evangelical piety has found to be superhuman wisdom. Some sort of afflatus sits upon one in this state of grace, lifting him out of bondage to common sense and to ordinary rules of propriety. In apostolic times this sort of person was called, in the church, a "pneumatic;" to the world from that time to this he has seemed more or less insane.

Thus there are pietists on the one hand and moralists on the other, who present us with strangely contradictory notions of what religion is. As generally happens in cases of sharp contradiction, both parties have missed the exact truth. To the pietist it must be said, religion is worthless without the well-ordered life; to the moralist it must be said, religion is more than morality. How it is more must now be made clear.

The reflecting person of the most ordinary powers of observation is profoundly impressed with the greatness, the order, the infinite complexity and beauty of the universe. One is inevitably driven to think of a Power beyond oneself, as incomprehensible as are these outward manifestations, and a sense of awe and reverence naturally comes over the soul. This is undeniable, and must be within everyone's experience.

As far as it goes it is a religious experience, and, you will observe, it is something extraneous to morality.

From this first reflection one is led on to others. One sees that one's existence and comfort depend upon a thousand considerations and circumstances exterior to oneself—air and light, food, clothing, houses, books, persons—countless objects near and remote. The more we are developed the more these needs multiply, and the fact, when we ponder it, overwhelms us with a sense of dependence. This sense of dependence is a basic sentiment of religion, giving rise to the spirit of gratitude, the voice of thanksgiving. And all this is beyond the sphere of morality.

It were easy to pursue this method of inquiry further and show how other religious feelings, equally legitimate, equally natural and inevitable, are generated in a manner that puts them out of the scope of any system of ethics; but my present purpose is not so much to prove the possibility of religion, or of religious sentiments, independent of morality, as to show how in the modern world religion in the main develops out of morality—is morality carried a step beyond itself. The instrumentality by which this transformation takes place is enthusiasm; morality emotionally exalted becomes religion. Let us not get confused here, or in the least confuse things in themselves distinct, but bear in mind the distinctions. Fidelity to principle in practical human relations is morality; devotion to principle is religion. One rises out of the other. Morality is cold, formal, imposing duties; religion is of the heart, warm, tender, self-forgetting, and turns duty into a privilege. Morality is constraint, obedience; religion is effusion.

Examined in this light much that passes for "mere morality" turns out to be religion, and a good deal that calls itself religion will have to look elsewhere for credentials. We have been taught to think of the world as divided sharply into two classes, saints and sinners. The division has always seemed very arbitrary, and we have had no end of difficulty in distinguishing the saints. It would apparently be better, more consonant with realities, to make a different cleavage, not so as to separate individuals, but so as to cut the lives of people in sections in such a manner that the bad chapters of each one's life should be on one side and the good on the other. Many persons whose average life is low and poor give on occasion evidences of moral worth, even act with a sublime self-devotion. When blessing comes out of the mouth accustomed to cursing there is something startling as well as touching about it. That uncouth, vulgar, profane men, that abandoned women, should now and then manifest not merely a sense of obligation to do right, which is a moral sentiment, but actually show an earnest devotion to some high purpose, which is distinctively a religious sentiment, is a fact of observation often exploited by poets and novelists, and one that in fact or in fiction yields a peculiar charm which is half surprise and half satisfaction. Some of Bret Harte's and John Hay's verses owe their popularity to this feature. Kingsley, too, knew how to make use of it; as, for instance, in "Alton Locke," in the chapter about the skeptic's mother, where we are told what befell him when, at his announcement of his unbelief, the pious mother turned him, a sickly boy, penniless into the streets of London, never to see her face again; how, tired and faint, he fell exhausted on the pavement, to be picked up by a policeman and to fall at last into the hands of a couple of rowdyish medical students, who, after some drinking and much chaffing, take him, good Samaritan-like, to an inn, pay his lodging, and sit all night at his bedside watching his feverish sleep. This is a bit of religion in the lives of those rollicking fellows—morality touched with a strong sympathy, emotionally exalted into enthusiasm. And these acts of genuine piety in rough and at times vicious men absorb us because, while natural and credible enough, they run counter to what we have been commonly taught to expect.

Now, I am sure, piety or religiousness, defined in this way as morality suffused with feeling, as fidelity carried up to devotion, will not look so vague, so phantasmal, as it has sometimes looked. It is a great advance to authenticate religion by resting it on the solid ground of morals. Of the security of this basis there is no question. Nobody asks you to establish the law of kindness or of chastity or of truthfulness. These principles stand as the groundwork of our spiritual being, and to enunciate them is to command universal assent, at least among civilized people. If now it can be shown that religion, while rising higher, rests on the same firm foundation, a sufficient answer will be given to the charge that it is built in the air.

Children are taught to revere the Heavenly Father, who, they are told, dwells in the heights of heaven, whence he is continually dispatching angels on missions to the world. He is very good to good children and very severe with bad children. The notion they commonly form of him is of an extremely large and powerful sort of man. By and by some of these children begin to reflect earnestly and are sure to inquire what support this notion has. Perhaps, then, their instructor will frankly tell them that this notion is only provisional, to be set aside as soon as its inadequacy is perceived. But such children will press the same demand concerning any idea that is given them of an object of supreme adoration. The implicit query in every such mind is: "On what grounds am I called to reverence, to trust, to adore?"

This demand can be adequately answered only by tracing the genesis of these sentiments. There is evolution of ideas and feelings as well as of worlds, and the thinker, to find solid ground for his religious sentiments, must look to the roots from which they spring, and these he will find in himself rather than outside of himself.

A thoughtful child observes how good a trait is justice. In the family, in school, among his playmates, he admires the fair thing, that upright impartiality, that perfect honor which swerves neither to the right nor to the left. He somehow feels that justice fits well to the nature of things, has right in itself to stand, and whether it lifts him up or thrusts him down, in his heart he honors it. He grows to be a man and this feeling, we will suppose, grows with him. The love of equity takes passionate hold of his soul, the sight of injustice stirs him to vehement protest. He becomes an enthusiast for the rights of man. He consecrates himself to the service, and foregoes his own interests that he may do something to reduce the wrongs under which others are smarting. A holy purpose has taken possession of him, and he binds himself to it with all his heart and all his mind and all his strength. From long dwelling on justice in human relations, the idea of justice has come to stand in his mind for something supernal, the reflection of that which is unrelated, absolute. It shines as the face of God and he worships it. In short, what was at first only a moral perception, being mixed with the heart's blood and infused with a great sympathy, has grown to be a religion. And a very noble religion it is, too.

We know, also, how the perception of beauty becomes a passion with the artist. From study and admiration of what is beautiful in nature, the idea of the Beautiful forms itself in his soul, receiving such adoration as of right belongs to it. How he labors to exalt that conception! What sacrifice of time and energy; what tribute of patience, what proof of longing and desire he brings! Where among all the worshipers who bend the knee to the Majesty on High will you find one so enamored, so earnest in his quest,

so persistent, so importunate, as the painter, trying to woo Divine Beauty to his canvas, or the sculptor, seeking to model it; or the musician, striving to set it afloat on the wings of sound; or the poet, endeavoring to catch it out of all sweet sounds and all fair sights, and fix it in permanence on his page? So it is that there is a religion of esthetics, a way to God through the adoration of the Beautiful.

Or turn to the enthusiast in the walks of science and mark how he is absorbed in the unveiling of Divinity in another phase. The object which he pursues with such assiduity we may be sure is a reality, no phantom floating in a dream; and what is it? It is truth. The facts of existence and their relations to one another in time and space, are the bread of life to him; he peers among the atoms and the stars in quest of them. With infinite toil he looks the earth and the visible heavens through, studies written, monumental and geological records, delves deep into all mysteries, intent on finding out the meaning of things. No one loves truth as he does—for its own sake. The rest of us mostly love it for some ulterior purpose; we will seek it if it will serve our turn. We will bow to it if it pleases us. It shall have our most profound obeisance if it will play into the hands of our party, or suckle the interests of our church. But if it is the bearer of anything adverse to our little schemes or damaging to our prepossessions, we want nothing of it. Not so that open-browed student we have in view who is trying to read whatever there is in this great book of nature. He has no ax to grind, no party ends to further, no creed to maintain. By prodigies of labor performed while most of us sleep he proclaims himself without reserve or proviso the servant of the Truth. He has chosen his shrine, and there he will worship, whatever befalls. Self is set aside. He seeks not for what is agreeable, for what will bolster up an opinion or strengthen a hope; he seeks only for what is true. Truth with him has an absolute and an incomparable value. Sooner than yield one iota of his fidelity to it or slacken the pulse of his devotion, he will renounce all earthly possessions, renounce, if need be, his hopes and his faith. He has come near to the Presence Infinite, and been smitten with such awe as is given to few of us to feel, for he can say to his throbbing heart: "Be still! what is any wish of thine in the moment when the Eternal speaks!"

I do not envy the person who fails to see in this a lofty religious consecration. Enthusiasm for breaking the seals of truth regardless of what the import of the message may be, is to my mind one of the most direct and conclusive manifestations of confidence in God that possibly can be exhibited. It reveals before us a renunciation of all things else for the sake of making a lifelong act of homage to that which is highest. Hardly any other field affords such fair illustration of the sentiments of reverence, of devotion and submissive trust. So out of the lives of the very men whom the church has been too apt to consider her enemies, we may actually draw about our best warrant for certain highly exalted religious sensibilities.

To trace the genesis of religious sentiments by yet another natural procedure. As soon as one comes into the world one is made the object of kindness. Before the child can realize anything of it he is the idol of a mother's love and nestles close to a father's heart. He grows up, if not in an atmosphere of perfect gentleness, at least where gentleness is seen, though seen alongside of and in contrast with asperity, and he learns early to love kindness. It answers to the need of his heart; he finds it harmonizes best with outward things, makes the world run smoothly. He dwells upon it, and it molds him to itself. Little by little, perhaps, benevolence expands to a passion in his soul. His heart melts at the sight of suffering, his hands run over with kindly deeds. Goodness is his inspiration and his life. He adores it in others; he yearns after it with all a lover's ardor, strives for it with all a saint's devotion. Heart and soul he is pledged to humanity. By no temptation can he be induced to forsake the needy in their distress, or repulse the penitent. He would count himself false to his idea of life to fail of any act of good-will. His sympathy extends to every sentient thing, and he cannot witness unmoved the suffering of the humblest thing that lives. He has so bound Kindness to his heart, he loves it with so great an ardor that it has come to be his God. He does not call it so, perhaps, but then it is so. Practical benevolence has risen in his consciousness to the highest place and commands his worship. Divine Compassion lays a hand upon him, and in rapture he kisses it, and begs to be its servant all his life. And here we are at a New Testament idea, for there we are expressly told that God is love.

Thus, starting from purely human relations and experience, we rise step by step to the highest religious sentiments. From these reflections piety, in the best sense of the word, comes out in our thought as a sound and very vital element in man, resting upon the most substantial foundations. And to make this clear seems to me to be at this time of the first importance. Children and childish people, of whom there will always be plenty, may be willing to take religion on authority. By all means let them do so, for that is their only way of taking it. But the number is increasing of those who, having become men and women, have put away childish things and can no longer be content with the treatment of children. It is to such that I speak, with an earnest desire to awaken and keep active the religious sentiments which I believe to be the flower and glory of man. I am not satisfied that you should be decently honest people; that you should not covet, or slander, or commit unchastity. I would have you more than moral. I would have you enthusiastic devotees of the divine principles of justice and kindness and truth—bound to these as no saint is bound to his rubric—and so rendering the homage not only of outward fidelity, but of inward and fervent adoration. I would have you so reverent that your hearts will bow before all things anywhere reputed sacred; so reverent that you cannot be induced to sneer at the way in which any mortal ignorantly worships. And this, not because all religionists are worshiping the same God with you (for that proposition is true only in a very qualified sense), but because they exercise after their various fashions the same sentiments of gratitude and love and faith. You will often find feelings in a person which are worthy of all honor, while the object that calls them out, a stick or stone, an image of Buddha, a crucifix, might in itself move you only to pity or pain. The feeling is a real thing, though what elicits it be a sham. See to it that you respect what is genuine! And toward your own thought of God I would have you show, in your manner, a reverence as deep and real as is to be found in any heathen or Christian worship on earth.

How this is to be reached I have endeavored in this discourse to point out, at the same time legitimatizing and confirming feelings whose validity is sometimes called in question. To show that modern-day religion, while by no means independent of morality, is more than morality, I called attention in the first place to impressions derived from the external world, and especially from human relations thereto, engendering the sense of dependence and the sense of gratitude toward some Power or Powers beyond ourselves, which are distinctively religious sentiments. I then passed to the main thought, which is that in the modern world religion, at its best, is an outgrowth

from, a transformation of, morality; that it is our part to begin at the bottom and build up our faith from the foundation out of our own experiences; to exercise and exalt our better feelings toward the manifold objects that appeal to them, especially human objects; to adore what is fair, to love what is true, to reverence what is good—so making of things earthly and human a ladder on which to mount to the highest. Dwelling on these motives separately, I showed that good taste is a means of grace in more senses than one. Like any virtue, it fits well to the nature of things and helps to make life fair and sweet. It gives the entrée to good society and unlocks at least some of the outer gates of heaven. We are apt to forget that we are educated in divine things through our eyes as well as in some other ways. The cultivation of taste is the way in which beauty is revealed to us, and when the revelation is fairly made our adoration is fixed. Something supernal lays its scepter upon us and we are taken captive. Whatever leads up to this leads into the exercise of feelings essentially religious. The artist before a masterpiece is a worshiper, and every step in the cultivation of taste is an approach to the Holy of Holies. The idea of beauty, in the last synthesis, as Cousin long ago showed, is the idea of God.

Again we saw that the road to reverence is through the perception of truth. Set yourself earnestly to find out what there is of reality in the universe to be grasped in the brief space of a lifetime, to learn the meaning of things as far as you may, with a fixed determination to accept and act on the result of your investigations whatever it may be, to stand by the truth as it is given you to see the truth—enter upon this course and follow it through thick and thin, never doing indignity to your honest conviction by swerving to a stronger party or a more popular church—and you will find that simple devotion to the truth has robed your spirit in garments of light, given you a place among the true worshipers which none can rightfully call in question. "The first of all Christian truths," said Pascal, "is that truth should be loved above all."

But not everyone has a gift for science or for art; nevertheless, as I have shown again, the way is open and plain. "The pure in heart," Jesus says, "will see God." The profound wisdom of that saying is not apparent till we understand that by holding fast to purity, by admiring what is good and following after it with enthusiastic devotion, we are brought face to face with the Absolute Goodness. That is to say, we learn to reverence purity and honesty and kindness from seeing these virtues manifested in human lives. Benignity looks upon us tenderly from the eyes of the benignant, and we look up to it in them adoringly. The idea of righteousness forms itself apart in our mind—the one thing most to be desired, most worshipful of all we know. The great scriptural equation stands forth: "The Lord, our righteousness." Thus a natural respect for human goodness leads to the highest reverence of all.

In this way, as in no other, the religious sentiments are authenticated to the most exacting spirit. Tracing their evolution from their root in ethics and esthetics, we have been able to verify them all the way, so that now, I think, we must see that there is nothing about us more real or that stands on a better warrant. And this very assurance that religion is normally developed in man, springing at its best out of facts and not out of fancies, is precisely what is needed with some of us to clear the mental atmosphere and make a genuine piety possible. It is

> "The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
> Make ye ready the way of the Lord,
> Make his paths straight."

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—We can conceive of life only as something constantly *becoming*. It plays forever on the verge.

MON.—The angel of light is yoked with the demon of darkness, and the pair create and sustain the world.

TUES.—A sincere man learns pretty much the same things whichever school he goes to, whether the woods or the city.

WED.—It is only little men who look down upon anything or speak down to anybody.

THURS.—What is eloquence but mass in motion—a flood, a cataract, an express train, a cavalry charge?

FRI.—Size is only relative, and the imagination finds no end to the series either way.

SAT.—Ah, Time, you enchantress! What tricks you play with us! The old is already proved,—the past and the distant hold nothing but the beautiful.

—*John Burroughs.*

Nelly.

Nelly sat under the apple tree,
And watched the shadows of leaves at play,
And heard the hum of the honey bee,
Gathering sweets through the sunny day.

Nelly's brown hands in her lap were laid;
Her head inclined with a gentle grace;
A wandering squirrel was not afraid
To stop and peer in her quiet face.

Nelly was full of a pure delight,
Born of the beauty of earth and sky,
Of the wavering boughs and the sunshine bright,
And the snowy clouds that went sailing by.

Nelly forgot that her dress was old,
Her hands were rough and her feet were bare;
For round her the sunlight poured its gold,
And her cheeks were kissed by the summer air.

And the distant hills in their glory lay,
And soft to her ear came the robin's call;
'Twas sweet to live on that summer day,
For the smile of God was over all.

And Nelly was learning the lesson sweet
That when the spirit is full of care,
And we long our father and God to meet,
We may go to nature and find Him there.

—*Selected.*

In Grandma's Time.

Jessie called "grandma" several times before she could arouse her from her dreamy mood. She asked her what she was thinking about, and grandma told her she was thinking of the long ago when she was a little girl.

"Everything is so changed now that when I think of the past it seems as though it must be all a dream. One hundred years ago where there are cities and villages now, there was nothing but a thick growth of woods where the wild beasts roamed at will. When my mother grew to be a young lady she married and went with her husband into the wilds of Vermont. There my father cut down trees and made space enough to build a log cabin. It was quite unlike this home we live in, Jessie, dear, with fine pictures on the walls, its soft carpets and furnace heat. There were no doors or windows to that house. A blanket served for a door at night and skins for the windows, while a blanket hung in the center, dividing it into two rooms. The fireplace and chimney were made of mud. But few people had settled there then, and they were a wide distance apart.

"In that cabin my parents commenced housekeeping. There, seated by the fire on winter evenings,

they made their plans and built their hopes for the future, while the winter winds were sighing and the wild beasts howling fiercely around their cabin. There, in that home, your grandma was born; there I was rocked; not in a beautiful cradle, like your doll's, but in a rough one which my father made for me out of a log.

"One day our cabin took fire and my mother, blinded by the smoke, rushed out into the open air; then she remembered she had left me asleep in the burning dwelling. The neighbors who had gathered there tried to hold her back, as the flames were then pouring from the doors and windows; but she tore away from them and rushed into the cabin, and, wrapping a blanket around me, regained the air in safety, although she was badly burned and on one hand there was a deep scar, which she carried with her to the grave.

"With the neighbors' help my father was not long in building another cabin. My parents had other children and I well remember the happy years we spent together in that home. We did not always live there, for my father built another home, larger and better, and then we had the log cabin for a playhouse, and oh, what happy times we had there. We had dolls—not fine ladies like your dolls—for we made them ourselves out of pieces of cloth and called them 'rag babies.'

"Oh, how strangely clear the picture comes back to me as I tell it to you."

Grandma stopped talking. Jessie lifted her head and looked up at her. The dreamy look had come into her eyes again; her thoughts were far away.

Jessie asked, "What is it, grandma?" "Nothing, dearie, only they are all gone now—father, mother, brothers and sisters. I am the only one left, and I was thinking that beyond the stormy ways of life, beyond the dreary winter snows, there is an eternal Summerland, and there in that home they are waiting to welcome me."—*Universalist Leader.*

Story of a Coal Mine.

In some parts of Missouri nothing is commoner in out-of-the-way places than a solitary "coal shaft." In one of these remote mines there was kept, a hundred feet below the surface, a little old mule, whose business it was to draw the loaded cars up the incline plane to the foot of the shaft.

Back and forth, back and forth, she made her dismal journeys during working hours, and at night was left alone in a corner fitted up as a stable, to await in the silence and utter darkness the return of her human comrades.

For five long years she had never breathed the upper air or seen the light of day. She was a great pet with the miners, who used to bring her bunches of fresh grass in summer or lumps of sugar and apples in winter.

One night when the mule was being unharnessed someone proposed taking Jinny up in the cage. It was done. Her tremors, as the cage began to ascend, were soothed by the assuring words and caresses of her companions, and soon she found herself restored to a mule's natural privileges.

The next morning, when the time came to go to work, Jinny positively refused to return. Neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to approach the shaft and step into the waiting cage.

A council was held. The miners, touched by what the poor brute had suffered in her five years of isolation, and reproaching themselves that her imprisonment had been so long, at length solved the problem by subscribing money to buy her and let her live hereafter above ground.—*Exchange.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Settlement Workers.

Last week was notable for the "Conference of Settlements of the United States," which held its sessions May 15, 16 and 17, at Hull House, Chicago. Representatives from fifteen different states of the Union, from Massachusetts to California, met to discuss the everyday practical problems of settlement work. It may seem like an undiscriminating discrimination to select for mention a few among so many earnest and able workers, but the names of Professor Graham Taylor, Robert Woods of Boston, Mr. Gavit, editor of "The Commons," Mr. Noyes and Jane Addams, the unassuming and consecrated leader of leaders, will serve to indicate the character of the gathering.

A large number of interesting experiments were reported, and most of the questions discussed broadened out into problems of universal life. The danger of cultivating the institutional side of the settlement to the dwarfing of the home and personal elements was considered a serious menace to the highest usefulness. The relation of the settlement to the labor union was discussed with evident sympathy, and the attitude of the settlement toward Sunday entertainments might have been a surprise in some quarters. It was the concensus of opinion that great freedom should be allowed in those directions and the most conservative showed no disposition to frown upon such Sunday sports as bicycling and baseball.

"Should a settlement resident be a propagandist in politics or religion?" aroused considerable heat, and at length extorted the seemingly obvious reflection that the "settlementer," like other people, is human, or ought to be, and will naturally be a propagandist if he happen to have something within himself worth propagating. In this connection an interesting fact was brought out with regard to the "Forward Movement," led by Doctor Gray in this city, where, contrary to the usual settlement custom, simple religious services are occasionally held and are participated in by both Catholics and Protestants. Surely, the lines of human relationship are converging. And perhaps the highest sermon the Conference came to preach was a sermon of unity, of coöperation, of brotherhood. For it was a conference made up of representatives of all denominations and no denomination, and of every shade of political opinion and social theory, without an officer, a constitution or by-laws, and held together by no external bond of organization, but welded into harmony with the heat of an intense common purpose, the betterment of human lives.

The meetings reached their climax on Tuesday evening, in the address given at Steinway Hall, by Mayor Jones of Toledo. The mayor's subject was "Principle versus Party." He pointed out cogently the evils of the present political sys-

tem of conducting municipal elections, whereby the voice of the people is silenced by the voices of political bosses, and our boasted democracy is too often made a name and a sham. He detailed the methods which in Toledo have recently been successful in electing to the highest office a man who was the candidate of no party and was supported by no faction. He declared his conviction justified by experience, that the Golden Rule will work, even in business and politics, and based his political methods on his confidence in the whole people, just the people, for we're all just people, you know. He asked for the poor and suffering nothing but simple justice, the justice which would make of charity an impertinence and an intrusion, nothing more than, "The right to work, the right to live, the love of liberty," as expressed in a line of his song, which was sung in rousing chorus by the audience at the close of the meeting. The address was throughout a masterpiece of calm, judicial argument, full of quiet reasonableness and the common sense which is so uncommon a quality in the discussion of burning social and political questions. E. H. W.

Industrial Freedom.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Tune—Marching Through Georgia.

Sing aloud the tidings that the race will yet be free,
Man to man the wide world o'er will surely brothers be;
Right to work, the right to live, let every one agree,
God freely gives to the people.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, the truth shall make us free,
Hurrah, hurrah, for dear humanity!
Right to work let all proclaim till men united be,
In God's free gift to the people.

Tell the story over to the young and to the old,
Liberty for every man is better far than gold;
In the sweat of labor eat thy daily bread, we're told,
As God's free gift to the people.

Shorter days for those who toil will make more work for all,
For a shorter work day then we'll sound a trumpet call,
And thus the fruit of labor on all alike will fall,
As God's free gift to the people.

Let us grant to every man the right to have a share
In the things that God has made as free as sun and air;
Let us have free land for all, then free work everywhere,
God's gift will be to the people.

With justice done to every one, then happy shall we be;
Poverty will disappear, the prisoners will be free;
The right to work, the right to live, the love of liberty—
All God's best gifts to the people.

Toledo, O. *Samuel M. Jones.*

Buddhism.—The journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society for April, has just reached us and it has greatly improved in its typographical and editorial character. Dharmapala, the editor, is reported as on his missionary journey to Lahore, thence on to Thibet, to visit the grand Llama, confident that the result of his visit will enable him to disprove the wild stories of cruelty and tyranny that cluster around this spot more than any other place on the globe. The latest book on this country, entitled "In the Forbidden Land," by Henry Savage Landor, receives a page notice, and is thoroughly distrusted by the reviewer * * * Plans for the extension of the work of the above society are commenced. The headquarters at Calcutta are to be enlarged. A printing office is to be established to further the publishing interests, and a small Buddhist temple is to be erected. The exterior will be of ancient architecture The interior will contain a statue of the Lord Buddha in Parian marble, carved in the United States by an American artist, after a modern school of art.

Unitarian.—The Rev. R. W. Lord, endeared to the UNITY household by his ministrations at St. Paul, is engaged to supply the Unitarian Church at Portland, Ore * * * Charles W. Wendte has taken charge of the Newton Center Church in Massachusetts * * * Rev. Thomas Van Ness of Boston is going to visit the Unitarian churches of Hungary * * * Rev. Oscar Clute of Des Moines has taken charge of the Unitarian Society of Pomona, Cal.

Anglo-Saxon Use for Indian Brains.—The University College at Cardiff, Wales, has a Hindu professor of physiology, who has just been appointed examiner of the University College of London, and still he represents a people to govern which England mobilizes her great armies and justifies its periodic slaughters and continuous military intrusions on the score that the Hindus "cannot govern themselves," that they must be "civilized," "Christianized," or in some other way profit by the benign "providence of the Anglo-Saxon."

England.—A colossal bronze statue of Oliver Cromwell, soon to be erected in the city square at Leeds, is a significant sign of the times. England is slowly learning to honor its true heroes. Cromwell was a leader of armies, but not for that is his statue reared, but because he was a leader of thought and an apostle of freedom.

New York.—Here there is a federation of churches that includes, among others, Baptist, Lutheran, Congregationalist, Roman Catholic, Universalist and Jew. Where are the Unitarians of New York? Are they left out or do they stay out? In either case the absence is to be regretted.

The Liberal Congress of Religion.—The general secretary and senior editor of this paper will be in Boston next week. He goes to meet the local committee to plan for the October meeting of this organization to be held in that city. A large number of leading ministers and laymen, representing the leading organizations, orthodox, liberal and Jewish, have already indicated their readiness to cooperate. We hope soon to make special announcement as to date, place of meeting and general character of the program.

Books Received.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York: "Letters of Thomas Carlyle to His Youngest Sister." Edited with an introductory essay by Charles Townsend Copeland, with portraits and illustrations.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London: "Why Men Do Not Go to Church." By Cortland Myers.

"My Young Man." By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D. A series of addresses to young men.

"American Colonial Handbook." A ready reference book of facts and figures, historical, geographical and commercial, about Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii and Guan. By Thomas Campbell Copeland, assisted by Maria Soltera and Maurice Magnus.

James H. West & Co.: "A Boy's Life, Its Spiritual Ministry." By Henry D. Stevens. 50 cents.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston: "American Indians." By Frederick Starr.

The Truth Seeker Company, New York: "Appendix to Commentaries on Hebrew and Christian Mythology." By Judge Parish B. Ledd, LL. B.

The Rubaiyats of Omar Kheyyain. "The Moral Evolution, Lenten Sermons on Sin and Its Remedy." By Judson Titsworth.

The Church Press, Chicago: "The Miracle at Markham—How Twelve Churches Became One." By Charles M. Sheldon.

Hymn.

Tune—Woodstock; page 30.

My spirit shrinks from forms and creeds,
As bondman from the rod:
But in the Law of Nature reads
That I am child of God.

In midnight's thorny paths I go,
With wounded feet unshod,
To find in morn's revealing glow
That I am child of God.

'Mid boundless realms I trusting stand,
Unawed by tyrant's nod,
And clasp a loving Father's hand,
For I am child of God.

My Brother left on life's rough sea
Bright footprints where he trod;
And homeward they are guiding me,
For I am child of God.

Pueblo, Colo. —*A. A. Heskins.*

There is something wrong with our ideas of Christianity when we fail to recognize the Christlikeness of human conduct in men with whom we do not agree theologically. A preacher ventured the other day to speak of the conduct of the New York firemen who saved so many lives at the Windsor Hotel fire as being Christlike, and he was reminded that possibly the men were not converted. They might, indeed, have been Jews or Infidels, he was told. And has it come to this, that before you can judge such conduct, you must first put the performer of it through the catechism? These men saved lives by risking their own. They faced horrible death to rescue women from a similar death, and yet we must not call them Christians until we have discovered where they go to church, or whether or not they have been baptized.—*Ruskin.*

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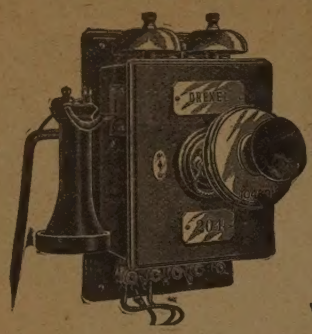

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